



AT FIRST MANASSAS.

The Capture of the Guns at Cub Run Bridge.

A LETTER TO COLONEL JOHN SCOTT.

How "The Dying Soldier" Came to Be Written.

A VERY PATHETIC STORY.

The Wizard of the Saddle—General Forest—His Idea of War—How to Fight—A Charmed Life.

Charlotteville, Va., February 12, 1896.

Colonel John Scott Warrenton, Va.

My Dear Colonel—On Monday I received your letter of the 9th instant, with your address to the Junior Albemarle Light-Horse and your report of the effective service of the old company at the first battle of Manassas, with Captain Randolph's letter, as a companion-piece, and read them all with pleasure and interest.

This morning I called on Captain Nelson, of our new company, and presented him, the papers, as you requested, but, after reading them aloud to him I begged the privilege of retaining them for a day or two, as I am anxious to read them to a few of my comrades, who are living in town, before they are published, which Captain Nelson proposed to have done.

I hope you will pardon my delay in acknowledging the receipt of your communication, addressed to the Mayor of our city. These papers were handed me by a member of our corps, about a week ago, with the request that I would attend to the matter. It was just at the commencement of the February term of our Circuit Court, when I was very busy, and could not give the subject the consideration and attention I desired, and which it deserved.

I have not, however, been unmindful of my duty in the premises, for I have talked the matter over with several of my old comrades, whom I chanced to meet, and so far, every one of them has substantially corroborated Captain Randolph's letter and your report of the capture of the enemy's artillery at Cub Run, and I am satisfied that your report and the letter are strictly and accurately correct, though I am sorry to have to acknowledge that was not one of the brave boys who followed the "White Horse" across the memorable stream on that eventful day, nor was I present in the barn at Camp Wiggins, where your report was written, for on that day our worthy and gallant captain had the detail to cook dinner for the company, against my very earnest protest.

Since I received your letter on Monday, however, I have been fortunate enough to meet Willie Goode, W. D. Wheeler, and George Marshall, all three of whom were at Cub Run, and followed your lead across, and charged the line of infantry that were written by you, and they all say that they saw no other cavalry in sight when you made the charge. I very well remember that the capture of the enemy's artillery was claimed after the battle by every officer and man in it.

INDELIBLY FIXED.

Many of the incidents of that day are indelibly fixed in my memory, and recently I have been refreshing my recollection by talking with those of my old comrades whom I chanced to meet. When your command was ordered forward from our position, near the Lewis House, Walker's Battery, which belonged to General Holmes' command, had arrived on the field, and opened fire on the retreating column of the enemy on the "pike, across Bull Run, and as well as I remember it, your command then went forward. I think in front of Kemper's Battery. Of course, as a private in the ranks, I could get very little general idea of the fight as it was going on, but an incident which occurred near a small frame house near the "pike, which I remember very distinctly, makes me think I am right. Some seven or eight of my company had been ordered forward as an advance guard. When we came to this house we found a number of Federals in and behind it. We ordered them to surrender, which they seemed very glad to do, but one fellow did not throw down his gun as quickly as my comrade, Pat Marshall, thought he ought. Whereupon Pat raised his gun and fired, but missed, and then he placed a second charge in the barrel of his gun, and said, "I will shoot the first man who surrenders a prisoner," which scared my friend Pat more than the Federals had done.

Soon after my service there, a number of prisoners were being sent to the rear from this point, you moved our company from the road to the skirt of an adjacent wood, and then it was that Kemper's Battery opened fire down the road on the retreating enemy.

ASKED FOR ASSISTANCE.

While we were drawn up in line on the edge of the wood, fringing a small field, an infantry soldier approached our line and stated that Captain Radford was dangerously wounded; that he had heard Captain Scott's name and asked that he would send some one to his assistance. We immediately ordered Captain Radford, then a private in our company, and myself to go to Captain Radford. We found him near the edge of the woods, about two or three hundred yards from the main line. As soon as Shackelford looked at him and saw how he was shot he said that Captain Radford could not live thirty minutes, and he begged us to get him into the ambulance. He was the first man that I ever saw die, and I well remember his last words, "God have mercy on my dear wife and children."

It was while Shackelford and I were with Captain Radford, I think that you again started in pursuit of the enemy. This accounts, my dear Colonel, for my not being with you at Cub Run, and beyond it, which I am glad of, for I would not like my old commander to think me a laggard when such gallant work was being done, under your dauntless leadership.

I recall my service under your command, as one of the pleasantest of my war experiences; and especially the meeting party you took some six or

seven of us on, across the Pococoon. It was when you sent our horses back, and we fought it through the woods and fields to within a short distance of Alexandria, and learned that the enemy were existing in the morning. (They had advanced, and I procured a Baltimore Star of that day, which, as soon as we returned to camp, was forwarded to General Beauregard.) On that account, I know you taught me some history and much States' right's doctrine. That day at old Mr. Nevitt's, where we were so kindly and hospitably entertained by you and your friends, and your two beautiful daughters, has always been marked with a white stone in my memory; and I have often wished to read the novel which you promised the young ladies would write after the war, in which the scene was to be laid at and around Gunston Hall, and the fair damsels were to be the heroines of the story.

When I get a little leisure time I will try to procure the statements of as many of the survivors of the old Light Horse as I can, in reference to the charge and capture at Cub Run, and forward them to you, or four who have promised to come to my office; read your report and give me their recollections on the subject.

I have never read Colonel Munford's report, but I think my friend and neighbor, General Beauregard, has a rare series, and I will borrow it and read his account. I will be glad to do anything that I can to aid in this matter. With best wishes for your health and happiness, believe me to be, very sincerely your friend,

MASON GORDON.

"THE DYING SOLDIER."

How It Came to Be Written—Sketch of Colonel Christie.

Suffolk, Va., February 14, 1896.

Having noticed the call for the publication of the poem entitled "The Dying Soldier," it gives me great pleasure to furnish your columns an exact copy of the pathetic composition, as it was originally written by "Matilda," and sent by her to "Lizzie." I may add that I have obtained this copy from "Lizzie" herself, and still living and residing at this place. Before I proceed to give an account of its origin, let me read the poem over once more. Here it is:

The Dying Soldier.
By Matilda.
(Affectionately inscribed to Lizzie A. Christie.)

(Colonel Christie, of North Carolina, fell mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, while fighting against the enemy's breastworks. He was taken to Winchester, Va., where he lived for some time, and then he died. He was buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va., and his remains were later moved to the Soldiers' Home at Washington, D.C.)

The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring;
I am dying, is she coming? Throw the window open wide.
Is she coming? Oh, I love her more than all the world besides.
In her young and tender beauty, must, oh! must she feel this loss?
Saviour, hear my poor petition; teach her how to be calm and patient when I moult in the dust.

Let her come, my Father, that she may see my true and just.
Is she coming? Go and let her; I would not have her miss me.
I would have her speak to me, ere I have forever dream is o'er;
I would fold her to my bosom; look into her eyes, and see me there.

I would tell her how I love her, kiss her ere I die.
Is she coming? Oh, I love her more than all the world besides.
Lift the curtain; it grows darker; it is dark now.
All the evening dew is falling; I am cold; the light is gone.
Is she coming? Softly, softly, come death's angels, and take me home.

I am going; come and kiss me; kiss me for my darling wife.
Take her hand, my Father, and bless her; the last warm kiss of life.
Tell her I will wait for her where the angels dwell.
In that home, untouched by sorrow; tell her she must meet me there.

Is she coming? Lift the curtain; let me see the falling light.
Oh! I want to live to see her; surely she will come.
Surely, ere the daylight dith, I shall fold her to my breast;
With her heart upon my bosom, calmly I could sink to rest.
It is hard to die without her. Look! I think she's coming now.
I can almost feel the kisses on my faded cheek and brow.

I can almost hear her whisper, feel her breath upon my cheek.
Hark! I hear the front door open. Is she coming? Did she speak?
No! wait, my Father, wait softly, I shall see her come no more.
Till I see it smiling on me on the bright and beautiful shore.

Tell her she must come and meet me in that Eden, land of light;
Tell her I'll be waiting for her where the angels dwell.
Tell her that I called her darling, blessed her with my dying breath.
Come and kiss me, my Father; tell her I live outwith death.

SKETCH OF COLONEL CHRISTIE.
Daniel Harvey Christie was born in Frederick county, Va., in March, 1833. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and served in the Confederate army. He was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

He was a man of great courage and bravery, and was highly respected by his comrades. He was a member of the Confederate army, and served in the 11th North Carolina Infantry Regiment. He was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

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had occasion when she reached her destination. It was during this long wait that Colonel Christie, who had been sent to the front, returned to the rear, and was killed.

As the days passed by and she came not he would ask "Is she coming?" Mrs. Christie was relieved of some of her otherwise loneliness by the company of a young lady, Christian woman, Mrs. Branch, from Savannah, Ga., who was going on a similar mission. Mrs. Christie remembered with grateful heart the loving care and sympathy which the noble woman, upon her arrival at Winchester, Mrs. Christie was met by two officers of her husband's regiment—Dr. Vines E. Turner, the adjutant, now living at Charlotte, N. C.—who had remained at Winchester several days to meet her. Their countenances indicated unmistakably sad news for her, and she, who would write after the war, in which the scene was to be laid at and around Gunston Hall, and the fair damsels were to be the heroines of the story.

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Said: "Dr. Wyeth is an Alabamian by birth, and when in his teens served as a private in the Fourth Alabama Cavalry, attached to Forrest's command. During his recent visit to Tennessee, the doctor was enthusiastic in his admiration of Forrest. He had prepared skeleton sheets of his proposed work, and sent them out to a number of officers and men who were close to this hero leader, from the beginning to the close of his remarkable career, with requests to append such observations and facts of their service as would be of material use in the compilation of such a work.

The first skeleton sheet contains the following description of Forrest: "In the light of history there stands out in clear relief the figure of Lieutenant-General Nathan Bedford Forrest, the most remarkable man our country has developed, and the greatest fighter of which the world has an authentic record. Endowed with a physical frame which resisted fatigue and exposure, a muscular organization developed into athletic proportions by reason of the hard manual labor, necessity compelled him to perform from the earliest years of boyhood until he was a man, he possessed that quality of mind which maintained the fear of personal disaster, nor in the excitement or confusion of battle, lost for an instant the calm appreciation of what was transpiring, able to perceive in the rapidly-shifting scenes of battle the opportunity for a fatal blow, he struck as the lightning flashes, blinding and withering. Before his sudden onset, the enemy were in a state of terror, and his tireless and unrelenting pursuit routed his panic. Without education, and absolutely without any knowledge of war gleaned from the study of what others had done, he was a natural genius, put into execution the most famous generals in history."

In his terse phraseology: "The way to win is to get there first with the most men." ("Destruction and Reconstruction," General Richard Taylor, page 209), and although his greatest victories were won with forces numerically inferior, he so fought his men that where he struck he was equal to or stronger than his adversary. He realized the value of boldness, even when at a disadvantage, and when possible he attacked, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers. Once when discussing with an officer, a graduate of West Point, the question of how to fight cavalry to greatest advantage, he remarked: "I would give you for fifteen minutes of bulge than for three days of tactics" ("Life of Thomas Platt and Boynton," page 599). When the enemy was about to charge, or was about to retreat, he was to be at them at once. He knew that the excitement of a forward movement inspired even the timid with courage, while to stand in the open to receive the thundering onslaught of a cavalry charge was practically the end of the world. He was brave and daring, and he was a natural leader. He was a man of great courage and bravery, and was highly respected by his comrades. He was a member of the Confederate army, and served in the 11th North Carolina Infantry Regiment. He was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

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The Daily Doings of a Hustling House!

are almost beyond the power of the press to describe. The doings of

MILLER & RHODES

are such as win and retain your patronage and make you a life-long customer. Special sales are inaugurated and goods passed over to you in these between-season months at prices beyond the reasoning of the uninitiated. The economical woman knows this and makes her cash stretch over a vast deal of merchandise.

White Goods. What a SEA of Goods. STUFF—piles upon piles of soft, fluffy Muslins, Nainsooks, Long Cloths, Cambrics, and Dimities for BABY. Then comes the Dainty Yokings, Lace Effects, Tuckings, All-Over Cambrics, Nainsooks, and Swiss. Then comes the Dainty Edges and Insertions in Valenciennes, Nainsooks, Jaconets, Cambrics, and Torchon. Also, the New Beading Insertions. We carry the best assorted line of Laces and Embroideries in the city, and this special sale will interest all the ladies.

A Few Specials:
Heavy-Weight Lawn, 40 inches wide, 12½¢.
Sheer India Lawn, 40 inches wide, 10¢.
Pin-Stripped Dimity, good value, 10¢.
42-inch Apron with 4 tucks, 28-inch. Figured Figure, small patterns, 27-inch, 12½¢.
40-inch Soft-Finish Nainsook, very sheer, 12½¢.
Plain Swiss, 30 inches wide, 15¢.
42-inch Nainsook, sheer quality, for 25¢.
French Organdie, 67 inches wide, 33¢.
42-inch Apron with 4 tucks, 28-inch. CAMBRIC EMBROIDERIES.
Thousands of yards ½ to 12 inches wide, 5 to 25¢ a yard.
1 to 9 inches wide, 5 to 25¢ a yard. Splendid assortment.
NAINSOOK EDGINGS. AND INSERTIONS.
To match, 5 to 25¢ a yard.
Full line of Colored Embroideries 1 to 4 inches wide, 5 to 15¢ a yard.
GRASS LACE INSERTION.
In White and Tan, 1½ to 2½ inches wide, 15, 25, and 35¢ a yard.

Cotton Bleached and Unbleached. Bleached Cottons and Sale. Sheetings from a yard wide to 90 inches will go pell-mell in to-morrow's Special Sale. We won't promise to duplicate prices, so you'll grasp the importance of being here to-morrow.

Linens. Not a day but we've something good to offer. Come to-morrow and see these:
Checked Dollies, 12¢ a dozen.
Bleached Dollies, 3¢ a dozen.
15-inch Dinner Napkins, 6¢ a dozen.
Good 8-inch Towels, 10¢ a dozen.
Great Linen values, 10¢ to 15¢ a yard.
24 for 1-3 yards All Pure Linen Buckram.
Fine Cambric Towels, fancy colored borders, ½ yard wide, 1-1½ yards long, 6¢ a dozen.
Extra Heavy Bath Towels for 10¢.
18-inch Bleached Damask for 25¢.
18-inch Bleached Damask for 35¢.
Great Linen values, 10¢ to 15¢ a yard.
Turkey-Red Table Damask, 15¢.
2-4 yards-long Turkey-Red Covers, 50¢.

Wash Goods. They come and quickly go. These you'll find in our annex to-morrow:
100 pieces New Shirt-Waist Calicoes, the best sort, 5¢.
100 pieces Best Indigo-Blue Calicoes, 5¢.
New Dress Gingham, 5¢.
New Apron Gingham, 5¢.
New Tinsel Draperies, 1-1-3¢.

Shirt-Waists. An early sale of SHIRT-WAISTS—maybe a little early for wear, but not too early for money-saving purchases. We couldn't hope to duplicate this lot in May, so take advantage of the present sale.

LADIES' DRAWERS. Ladies' Good Muslin Drawers, deep hem and plaids, 25¢.
Ladies' Heavy Muslin Drawers, plaids and Hamburg ruffles, 25¢.
Ladies' Heavy Muslin Drawers, cambric ruffles, 25¢.
Ladies' Heavy Muslin Drawers, wide ruffles of open embroidery, wide and narrow plaids above ruffles, 50¢.

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Muslin Underwear. Greater enthusiasm, more interest manifested each day, and better sale results is the story as the special sale progresses. These for to-morrow.

LADIES' GOWNS. Ladies' Gowns, of fine cambric, wide collar, trimmed with Hamburg insertion, large, full sleeves, trimmed cuffs, pearl buttons, 15¢.
Ladies' Gowns; fine plaid yoke; ruffle of cambric, edged with Hamburg insertion, full sleeves, 15¢.
Ladies' Gowns; made of extra good muslin, pointed yoke, wide brocades of cambric over shoulders, with insertion, neat edge of embroidery around neck and sleeves, 15¢.
Ladies' Fine Muslin Gowns; large collar, edged with Irish-point embroidery, full sleeves, 15¢.
Ladies' Gowns, of finely finished muslin, Empire style, large collar, edged with open embroidery, large sleeves, finished at hand with open embroidery 15¢.

LADIES' GOWNS. Ladies' Gowns, of fine cambric, wide collar, trimmed with Hamburg insertion, large, full sleeves, trimmed cuffs, pearl buttons, 15¢.
Ladies' Gowns; fine plaid yoke; ruffle of cambric, edged with Hamburg insertion, full sleeves, 15¢.
Ladies' Gowns; made of extra good muslin, pointed yoke, wide brocades of cambric over shoulders, with insertion, neat edge of embroidery around neck and sleeves, 15¢.
Ladies' Fine Muslin Gowns; large collar, edged with Irish-point embroidery, full sleeves, 15¢.
Ladies' Gowns, of finely finished muslin, Empire style, large collar, edged with open embroidery, large sleeves, finished at hand with open embroidery 15¢.

LADIES' GOWNS. Ladies' Gowns, of fine cambric, wide collar, trimmed with Hamburg insertion, large, full sleeves, trimmed cuffs, pearl buttons, 15¢.
Ladies' Gowns; fine plaid y